

GLE 63
CAMERON

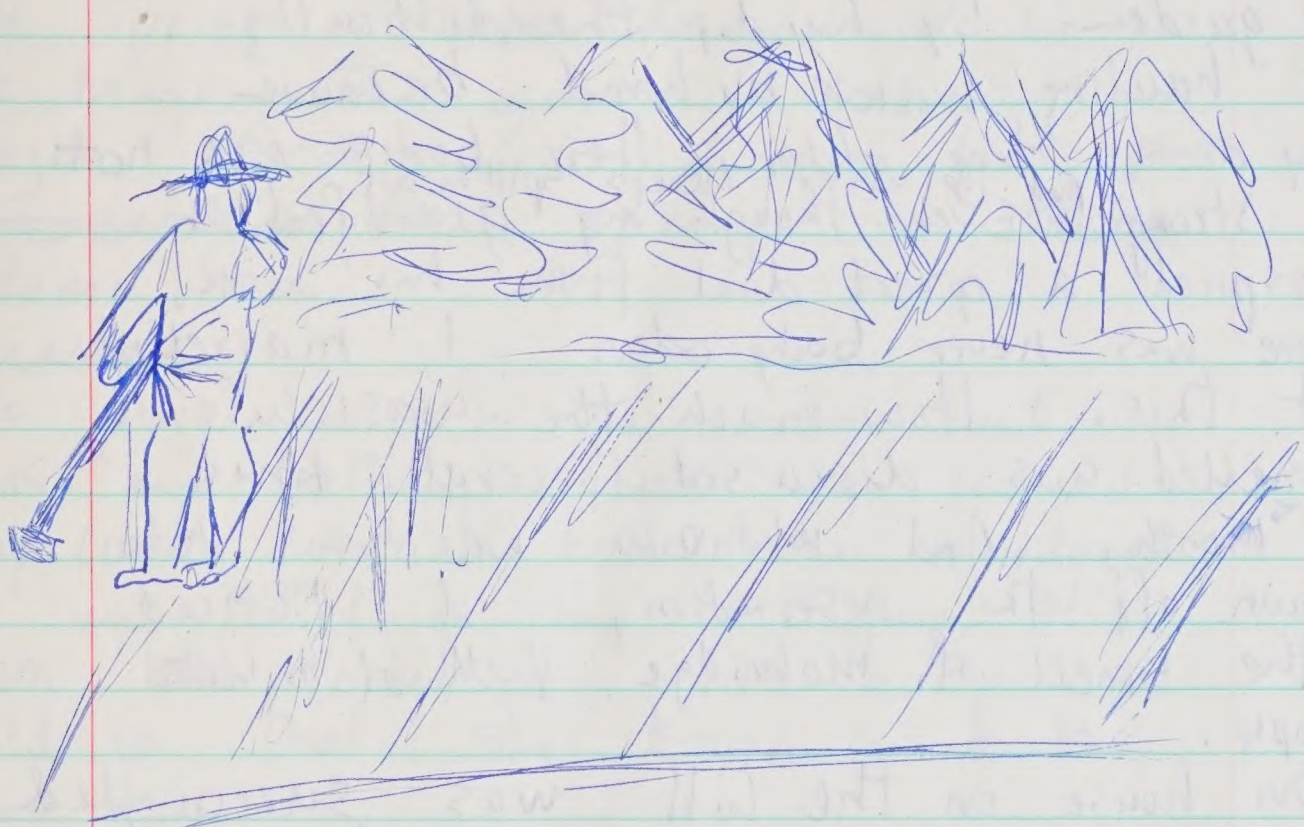
WRITINGS

"THE BODY KEEPS SPILLING"

19--

[5 pages]

1/30



The body keeps spilling

Every summer my grandfather planted a garden. Our house was on a hill which looked down to the garden. I often watched my grandfather work in the garden. He planted it next to the creek so that he could haul water from the creek for the garden.

My grandfather would work for a period of time, then rest ~~on~~. I think of him hoeing the garden and resting his hands on the hoe. He always stared off for a while.

My grandmother walks toward him. Their conversation is often

about the creek, hauling water to the garden by hand, the difficulty of hauling water by hand because they are getting older, their bodies are not as strong. ^{And the water keeps spilling out} Even though my grandfather perspired a great deal from his work, there was never body odor. I marvelled at this. How much the wasichu's smelled was discussed several times a month. And whenever we went into town off the reservation, I noticed the smell of mobridge full of white people.

Our house on the hill was surrounded by buttes. The rattlesnake buttes to the west and the Lonesome Buttes to the north were very special.

Sometimes my grandmother or my uncle would tell my grandfather that the wanbli were flying. The wanbli like high and solitary places.

Eagles are the most sacred to us as Lakota. ~~The predators~~ And whenever someone in my family said I have seen the eagles, we always waited for special things to happen.

I have seen the eagles

It says you got tired

I know what

they have done
I have no future

touch me here

there will be bread

I found these here put them on

We started to get the garden ready in the Spring, ~~later maybe~~ mid to late May. The garden was a major focal point of our lives ~~from~~ ~~from~~ from Spring to ~~late~~ Autumn.

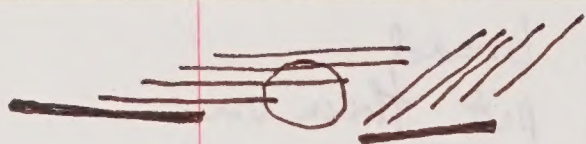
~~At times~~

We started work in the garden and it was on my birthday that we learned my cousin Adrian had been murdered. He was killed on my birthday. His mom ~~had~~ looked at his body and told us that she knew what they had done.

These deaths always made me think that I had no future.

Adrian's ~~funeral~~ ^{wake} was very painful. His brothers kept asking him to get up. They kept talking to him like he was still alive. The wake always had food, bread potato salad. Oranges were placed on all the graves. Bright colors of orange dotting the cemetery, against the ~~green~~ fresh green of Spring against freshly dug earth.

My ~~grandfather~~ grandmother tells my grandfather as we were dressing for the wake, here I found these,



I don't expect miracles
And I stay alive

I'm hungry enough

put them on.

At the wake, I went outside to be alone, to think, to look around but to think. My grandmother's tiyospiya was in ~~the~~^a valley, but it didn't have the softness of ^a valley, it was rougher like a wild ravine.

I liked it there a lot especially because almost everyone spoke Lakota. ~~any~~

I'd go in a few times to check with my grandmother. ~~Each time~~ She wanted to be

certain that I ate. I'd tell that I

was hungry but I didn't feel up to

eating anything because I thought I

would get sick. She had to be

hear her sister who was Adrian's mom

so I really didn't need to be responsible

for my grandmother. I was relieved

about that because I could spend more time away from the intensity of the wake.

I didn't have to stare at Adrian's dead body. ~~It seems~~ I thought

about the hills that surrounded us,

~~the~~ this little town of my

grandmothers, my dead cousin,

miracles seem not to happen to

Indian people. Even ~~though~~

~~us~~ of those us forced to

be Catholics.

The planting of the garden where things
would grow was put aside for ~~reading~~
while we tried to understand Adrian's
death and I wondered if I
could stay alive.

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